An angrie arme against his minister.
Dut. Where then alas may I complaine my selfe?
Gaunt. To God, the Widowes Champion and defence.
Dutc. Why then I will: farewell old *Gaunt*,
Thou goest to Couentrie, there to behold
Our Cosin Herford and fell Mowbray fight.
O set my Husbands wrongs on Herfords Speare,
That it may enter Butcher Mowbrayes breast.
Or if misfortune misse the first carrier,
Be Mowbraies sinnes so heauie in his bosome,
That they may breake his foming Coursers backe,
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
A Caytiffe recreant to my Cosin Herford.
Farewell old *Gaunt*, thy sometimes Brothers wife,
With her companion, griefe must end her life.
Gaunt. Sister farewell, I must to Couentrie:
As much good stay with thee, as go with me.
Dutch. Yet one word more; griefe boundeth where it fals
Not with the emptie hollownesse, but weight:
I take my leaue before I haue begunne,
For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done:
Commend me to my Brother Edmund Yorke,
Loe this is all: nay yet depart not so,
Though this be all, do not so quickly goe,
I shall remember more: Bidd him, ah what?
With all good speed at Plashie visite me.
Alacke and what shall good old Yorke there see,
But emptie Lodgings and vnfurnisht walles,
Vnpeopled Offices, vntrodden Stones;
And what heare there for welcome, but my grones?
Therefore commend me, let him not come there,
To seeke out sorrow, that dwels euery where;
Desolate, desolate will I hence and die:
The last leaue of thee takes my weeping eye. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Lord Marshall and the Duke Aumerle.
Mar. My Lord *Aumerle*, is Harry Herford armde?
Aumerle. Yea at all points, and longs to enter in.

Mar. The Duke of Norfolke sprightfully and b
Staies but the summons of the appellants trumpet.
Aum. Why then the Champions are prepard, a
For nothing but his Maiestics approach.

* *The trumpets sound, and the King enters with his Nobles*
they are set, enter the Duke of Norfolke in armes defe
King. Marshall, demaund of yonder Champion
The cause of his arriuall heere in armes,
Aske him his name, and orderly proceed
To sweare him in the iustice of his cause.
Mar. In Gods name and the Kings, say who th
And why thou commest thus Knightly clad in arm
Against what man thou comst, and what's thy qua
Speake truely on thy Knight-hood, and thy oath,
As so defend thee heauen and thy valour.
Mow. My name is *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of N
Who hither come ingaged by my oath,
(Which God defend a Knight should violate)
Both to defend my loyaltie and truth,
To God, my King, and my succeeding issue,
Against the Duke of Herford that appeales mee,
And by the grace of God, and this mine arme,
To proue him in defending of my selfe,
A Traytor to my God, my King, and mee:
And as I truly fight, defend me heauen.

* *The Trumpets sound, enter Duke of Herford*
appellant in armour.
King. Marshall, aske yonder Knight in armes,
Both who he is, and why he commeth hither
Thus plated in habiliments of Warre,
And formerly, according to our law,
Depose him in the iustice of his cause.
Mar. What is thy name, & wherfore comst th
Before King *Richard* in his Royall lists?
Against whom comest thou? and what's thy qu
Speake like a true Knight, so defend thee Heaue